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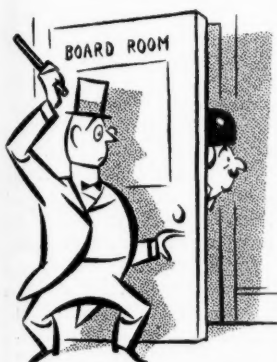
Charivaria

THE film *Gone With the Wind* will not be shown in this country until after the war. It is to be hoped that hostilities will not continue long enough to enable people to re-read the book.

We have grounds for thinking that Herr HITLER no longer believes the world is round. Or else it won't roll his way.

As a novelty, popular songs are now sung backwards. A caustic correspondent suggests that an even better idea would be to start at the end and then stop.

Field-Marshal GOERING is forty-seven on January 12th. Doubtless he will have some sort of celebration—perhaps a middle-aged spread.



"Herr HITLER will be regarded as a great man when SHAKESPEARE and NAPOLEON have been forgotten," declares a German broadcaster. But not before.

A centenarian says that GLADSTONE patted him on the head in 1849. Yes, yes! But what did GLADSTONE say?

As is usual on Boxing Day many revellers uncelebrated Christmas very quietly.



A company promoter admitted that he had twice been bankrupt. It is untrue, however, that he was wont to attend board meetings in a crash-helmet.

A social reform worker says she would release all prisoners immediately if she had her way. Trust a woman not to let a man finish a sentence.

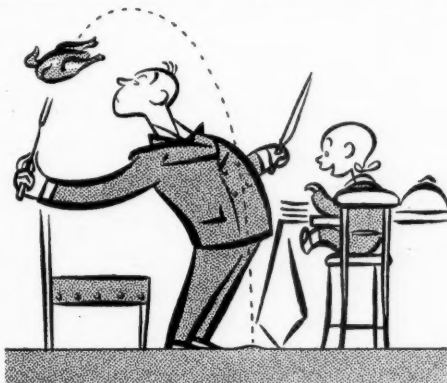
We are reminded that being in a position to give adds greatly to one's enjoyment at Christmas. Otherwise of course it is better to remove one's belt altogether.

GOERING is said to resent the jokes that are made about his medals. What he seems to need is a jest protector.

Among the Taps

"Though his bedroom office is smaller, it has a bathroom of its own, in which he keeps his typist."—*Evening Paper*.

Writing in an evening paper a nature student states that he saw a swallow flying out to sea as if migrating. If it is the one that didn't make a summer this year we don't blame it.



"At the suggestion of the Canadian Government a special Canadian Fighter Squadron has been formed in Britain for the defence of Britain from Canadians serving in the Royal Air Force."

African Paper.

Very nice of them, don't you think?

The latest idea for dining-rooms is a rubber floor, four inches thick. This of course gives the carver a sporting chance that the turkey may bounce back on to the dish.

Peace in War

TO-DAY where soldiers for the Front entrain
 No music blares hysterically loud
 Nor pomp of fluttering pennons draws the crowd,
 For here a people, resolutely sane,
 Established in a peace more deep than pain
 And sharing courage rather high than proud,
 Moves of free will to pass within the cloud—
 Loving the sunlight, faces night again.

No zest for war, no hatred for a foe,
 No thirst for fame nor long-grudged injury
 Could draw these men from home; make them forgo
 The thousand joys that see an English sky,
 Yet they will mortgage all their years to buy
 At a great price the world for Liberty.

o o

You Never Vary

IT seems to me that a good thing to think about at this moment would be

HOOKEY SPOOKEMS' EGG BAG ROUTINE.

Your may contend that you do not see what possible bearing

HOOKEY SPOOKEMS' EGG BAG ROUTINE

can have on our present discontents; and I can only reply that that was the idea.

HOOKEY SPOOKEMS' EGG BAG ROUTINE

happened to be the first title that caught my eye in the December issue of *The Magic Wand and Magical Review*, an Illustrated Quarterly Magazine for Magicians, Concert Artists, and All Entertainers. Hookey Spookems, it appears, is the *nom de guerre* of Mr. Harry H. Thomson, M.I.M.C., who explains in this trenchant article the secrets of his Egg Bag Routine. I have read all about them myself, but I wouldn't give him away. If you are an amateur magician and wish to know them you must subscribe to *The Magic Wand*, which is crammed with such peculiar information. All I wish to comment on is his attitude.

It is the usual conjurers' attitude. As you read here and there in this manual of surrealism you cannot fail to realise that by conjurers you and all the other people on the expensive side of the footlights are regarded with a hint of patronage, more than a touch of gentle contempt.

"By this time," writes Hookey Spookems after describing a manoeuvre, "there will be whispering, leading to shouts of 'It's in your pocket.'"

It's no use your saying "Oh there will, will there?" Hookey Spookems knows; he is quite certain; the next part of his trick depends on this precise reaction; the thought that you might do anything different never enters his head. Resent it as you may, the fact remains that we conjurers with our deep psychological insight can read you simple-minded people like the more intelligible sorts of book.

In this connection let me recall my celebrated Disintegrating Lemon trick.

In this I take an ordinary buzz-saw and, after passing it round for examination, palm it in the usual way. Under cover of a few merry quips, at the end of which I have the ladies in the audience singing "Booms-a-Daisy" while the gentlemen are singing "There Lawl Ways Bee Earn Ning Glenrd," I introduce at the back of the stage a small

elephant covered with an embroidered horse-cloth. (Embroidery is not vitally necessary, but I have always found that it gives an effect of quiet good taste.)

I then place the fake cone on the platform of the buzz-saw, *behind* but *not in front* of the indemnifier, which has now of course turned completely round, and pronounce some such words as "Abracadabra!" Meanwhile, under cover of the elephant, I have inserted the *second* billiard-ball into the *first* so that both are facing sideways. Immediately a shower of small butterflies pours out of both ends of the buzz-saw, and when the *real* cone is lifted from the platform a large bottle of ketchup is revealed, gyrating. (Previous performers of this trick had never caused the bottle to gyrate. This improvement is original with me.)

By this time, if the trick has been correctly announced, there will undoubtedly be shouts of "What about this lemon?" "We want to see the lemon disintegrate!" and so on. Actually, of course, there is no lemon; the trick was called the Disintegrating Lemon trick merely to make it more baffling. Usually I turn the whole thing off with a smile and put the audience in a good humour by some witty jest, such as "The answer, ladies and gentlemen, is—a lemon!" (It is sometimes advisable to induce an assistant from the audience to make this announcement.)

There is a similar inevitability about the reaction of the audience to my less well-known but equally effective Falling Soot and Gum trick. For this I first inquire whether there is a doctor in the house, and having found one (there always is) I invite him to choose a card from the pack I am holding out to him. Now this pack is actually a complicated switch, so made that when any card is pulled out of it an electrical impulse passes through a wire travelling up my sleeve, down my back and trouser-leg, and along underneath a carpet on the stage to the wings, where it starts a small pump worked by a motor.

This pump, acting on a reservoir of gum, is designed to spray it all over the person standing in front of me, while at the same time an electric fan, acting on a pile of soot, is designed to blow it at him. Much hearty laughter is thereby caused, and I usually allow the doctor to keep the card he has chosen, as a reward.

That is, I would if the trick worked correctly; but in fact something always causes the soot and gum to shower all over the people in the first two or three rows of the stalls. These people *always* display annoyance, and some of them get up and go out. *This reaction is invariable.* I am now working on a sequel to the trick that makes use of this fact.

Hasty thinkers may suppose that this trick might for once go right, and thus render any sequel impossible to present; but if *that* trick ever turns out right I am the Barcarolle from the *Tales of Hoffmann*, and so, what is more, are you.

R. M.

o o

In the Distance

THERE was a shepherd passing
 Where the lone valley streamed,
 Driving a host of pale-grey sheep—
 They might have been a thing asleep,
 So very still they seemed.

He drove them to the pasture
 That they might crop their fill;
 But all the grey sheep turned to stone,
 They stood so quiet and unknown
 And motionless on the hill.



TOAST OF THE YEAR



"Oughtn't we to throw it back?"

Russiprussity

(A Fantasy—translated from the Russian)

III

"**W**HERE are we now, M. Buzzinoff?" said Herr von Robbintrip, as the great aeroplane lurched a little to port.

"We should be somewhere near the butter factory," replied the Senior Commissar for Vaguely Assisting the Germans.

"It does not look like butter country," said the German diplomatic wizard, peering down at the dusky landscape. "It looks like snow. And ice," he added. "Also, it is strangely dark."

"You are right as usual, Robbintrip," replied the Russian. "It is slightly dark for the time of day. And I do not clearly identify what little I can see of the land."

"What colour is the butter factory?" asked the Extraordinary Envoy.

"I should not like to say positively that it had any particular colour. For, to tell you the truth, it has not yet been begun. And, now that snow has

fallen, the white tapes which mark the site will be difficult to see. But we should be able to pick up the illuminated bandstand, and the Field of Communal Enlightenment and Fox-trot. For this is the first day of the Festival of Theoretical Foundation. All the workers will be resting to-day after the rather exhausting celebration of the end of the Period of Preliminary Planning. Many thousands of Steelin's Red Young were to be massed on the Field of C.E. and F. so as to form the letters MARX-HITLER, with two red arrows piercing a heart (in butter) on the north side. And since they were to be carrying comradely candles we should see them by now. Moreover, I understood that a fraternal squadron of Soviet helicopters was to be hovering over the gay scene in readiness to do you honour, dear Robbintrip. But I have to confess that I do not yet detect any of these things."

"Perhaps," suggested Robbintrip,

"the pilot would know where we are?"

"It is possible," admitted the Commissar. "Though to speak with confidence on such a matter would be ideologically unsound. Excessive concentration upon a purely material point is a bourgeois habit which we do not encourage: and after all, you must acknowledge, in the last account of human progress it matters little whether we ultimately descend at the butter factory or at some other point in the Soviet Empire. Wherever we land you will find something to surprise and delight you."

"But not butter," the Foreign Secretary growled.

"Not *always* butter," the Commissar conceded gracefully. "However, if you think it important to know where we are, I will get in touch with the Committee of Pilots."

Taking down a speaking-tube, he said, "Comrades," and again "Comrades."

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There was heard a series of short, sharp, spitting sounds. "Comrades of the Committee of Pilots," he went on, "forgive me if this intervention has disturbed the Interval of Repose and Contemplation, or seems in any way inimical to the Marxist conception of proletarian liberty, but the fact is, Herr von Robbintrip, who still, I fear, retains traces of a non-Marxist outlook, wants to know where we are. Have you, by any chance, the faintest notion? Not that it matters."

There was a noise like a machine-gun. "There!" he said with satisfaction, replacing the speaking-tube. "They are coming along."

"All of them?" said the Envoy anxiously. "But—"

At that moment three young men, covered with fur, entered the saloon, and were introduced.

"Is it not extraordinary?" began Ivan Ivanovitch, perhaps the furriest of the three, enthusiastically. "Here are we, the Committee of Pilots of this proletarian machine; and here are you, the passengers, in conference! Only in Russia could such a—"

"Pardon me," said Herr von Robbintrip, "but should I be considered fussy if I inquired who at the moment is controlling the aeroplane?"

"All men are equal," replied the spirited young man, "and therefore, after all, it can matter little which particular individual is in control of what. But, since you ask me, the steward is very fond of machinery and he, as a rule, keeps an eye on things when we go into conference. Or else the wireless telegraph operator, who, by the way, was a commissar for culture till last Loonin's Day, when he was purged."

"Oh," said the German envoy doubtfully. "I have often wondered how those airmen of yours ever arrived at the North Pole. Now I begin to understand. It was an accident."

"But no!" the Commissar interposed with a yawn. "You exhibit there the most frequent error concerning our beloved country (Heil Steelin and Hitler!). It is not true, as many used to say, that we are wholly inefficient. Nor is it true, as many had begun to think, that we are now wholly efficient. Russia of course is absurdly and permanently inefficient. But here and there we do throw up individuals who can really do things. To take a pleasing example, the men of Russia have built up in Europe a great reputation for being able to dance sitting down. Truly that is almost all that most Europeans know about our beloved country (Heil Steelin and Hitler!). But it would be a great mistake to suppose

that all Russian men can dance sitting down. I have often tried it myself, with laughable results. About one in a million, I suppose, can really do things," he continued sleepily. "Sometimes it is dancing sitting down; sometimes— But what was I talking about?"

"You were about to suggest, I think, Comrade," said Ivan Ivanovitch, "that the Russians who flew to the North Pole flew there on purpose, but it would still be a mistake to postulate any particular destination for any particular aeroplane."

"And that, when you come to think of it," said the second pilot, "is really very relevant to the subject of our conference. Before we left Moscow we attended a Mass Rally of Fraternal Air-Bombers at which a resolution was carried protesting against the brutal assault of the Finns; and we were still discussing the Finnish barbarities as we flew towards the butter factory. Then suddenly Comrade Ivanovitch said, 'Do you know, it has just occurred to me, none of us has ever set eyes on a Finn. We have no idea what the Finns are like, or what they are doing to the suffering Russians. Is it not perhaps our revolutionary duty to visit the Finns and find out?'"

"We therefore," said Ivan Ivanovitch simply, "directed the machine towards the Karelian Isthmus. And I think," he said, looking out into the night, "we must be very nearly there, unless the steward has made some stupid mistake."

"Mein Gott!" said Herr von Robbintrip. "M. Buzzinoff, I must react with an iron protest."

But the Senior Commissar for Vaguely Assisting the Germans was asleep.

"I think, Excellency," said the third aviator, "the position is ideologically irreproachable. You are bound to Russia by the Pact of Dynamic Non-Aggression; and you will like, no doubt, to carry back to your Fuehrer a personal description of the sufferings of the Russians—"

"I shall indeed," said the diplomat grimly.

"And—"

But at this point there was a bump and all present were flung to the floor.

"The steward," said Ivan Ivanovitch as he rose from von Robbintrip's stomach, "has made a clumsy landing. But that is not surprising when you remember that the machine is not equipped at all for landing in the snow. At all events we are on Finnish soil. And now let us walk inland and find the Red Army."

"You will not have to walk far," said Robbintrip nastily.

"No doubt," said the Russian smoothly, as they descended into the snow, "the German army has marched much farther into France. But then, as the Commissar said, we do not pretend to be efficient. Our victories are ideological. And, by the way, I have just remembered that, the machine having no skids, it will be quite impossible to fly it away from here."

"Mein Gott!" said Herr von Robbintrip again. "What blunderers!"

"Well, who began that?" said the Russian strangely. A. P. H.



"If only I had remembered to put the cotton in the machine!"

The Air Sentry

I ATE my fill of army bread,
I drank my pint of army tea,
I set my helmet on my head
And girt my ground-sheet over me.

I laid my gas-mask on my chest,
I took my musket in my hand,
And full of meat and martial zest
Went out to guard my native land.

My bayonet was bared to hack
The innards out of an attacker.
Above my head the night was black,
But in my heart the hate was blacker.

I was as full of martial ire
As any newspaper reporter.
My soldier's heart was full of fire
And both my boots were full of water.

Like some sea-rover on his deck
I paced, and mused on life with
loathing,

While water trickled down my neck
And nestled in my underclothing.

The meadows squelched beneath my
tread,
The streams were rapids and I shot
'em;

The rain came down upon my head,
And I came down upon my bottom.

And as in solemn thought I stood
And brooded on the Past and Present
And whether Purgatory would
Be more prolonged or more un-
pleasant,

Or dreaming of a heaven as dry
And bright as earth was damp and
sickly,

A sergeant came and asked me why
I hadn't challenged him more
quickly.

He scorned my "Wherefor" and
"Because";
In accents neither kind nor cooing
He asked me who I thought I was
And what I thought that I was doing.

I answered that in my belief,
So far as I could read the mystery,
I was a transitory, brief,
Damp episode in cosmic history.

I said that he and I were blind
Insensate tools for Fate to batter—
Two pale projections of the mind
Of God upon the screen of Matter.

He answered—(sergeants can be fools,
Like other military gentry)—
That wasn't in the army rules
For challenging a cove on sentry.

I said that he should understand
That men who were allied together
Against the foemen of their land
Should be allied against the weather.

I pointed out that in our King's
And country's service all were
brothers.

I pointed out a lot of things:
He pointed out a lot of others.

He said he'd put me on a charge
(He worded it more impolitely),
And I'd no longer be at large
To roam the fields and pastures
nightly.

I said that if the prison cell
Were dryer—it could not be wetter—
Than those green fields I knew so well,
There's nothing that would please
me better.

He launched at me those words of shame
With which the army loves to
plague you.

He said he'd got my —ing name.
I said I'd got the —ing ague.

And while we argued, as the dead
Will argue after their damnation,
An aeroplane flew overhead
And dropped a bomb on Euston
Station.

The sergeant went. The morning broke.
Dark as a song by D. H. Lawrence
The day came, and the world awoke;
And still the rain came down in
torrents.

But though some weeks have passed
away
And many suns and moons have risen
Behind those banks of cloudy grey,
I have not yet been put in prison.

And that is why I wander here
So wet and wild in my apparel,
With water gleaming on my gear
And glittering on my rifle-barrel.

Stray rustics, passing me at night,
Believing that these fields are
haunted,

Mistake me for a water-sprite
And pass upon their ways undaunted.

I dwell beside untrodden ways
By banks the Past and Future meet
on—

A living door-mat of the days
For Time to wipe his weary feet on.

Alone beneath the leaden sky
From which a leaden stream is
falling

I challenge cattle with a cry
And tree-stumps like a trumpet
calling.

Sometimes I hear a sea-bird snore
And hail it with a mournful bellow,
Like banshee calling banshee or
The satyr crying to his fellow.

And when the section-sergeant comes,
Through pools and puddles softly
stepping,

My voice is like a roll of drums
And percolates from here to Epping.

I wander lonely as a cloud
Or some forgotten West-end waiter.
An anti-gas-cape is my shroud;
My death-mask is a respirator.

The rain streams from my finger-tips,
About me life is at a standstill:

From hedge and tree the water
drips,

And thus I guard my native land
still.
P. B.

The Situation Summed Up

"Our country is standing for those things
for which this Society exists—the free ex-
pression of opinion that is the bed-sock of
the democratic ideal."—*Peterborough Paper*.

"The Turks are hectoring in the same way.
With frozen fudge they are accused of hav-
ing become the accomplices of 'belligerent
Imperialism.'"

Mr. Garvin in "The Observer."

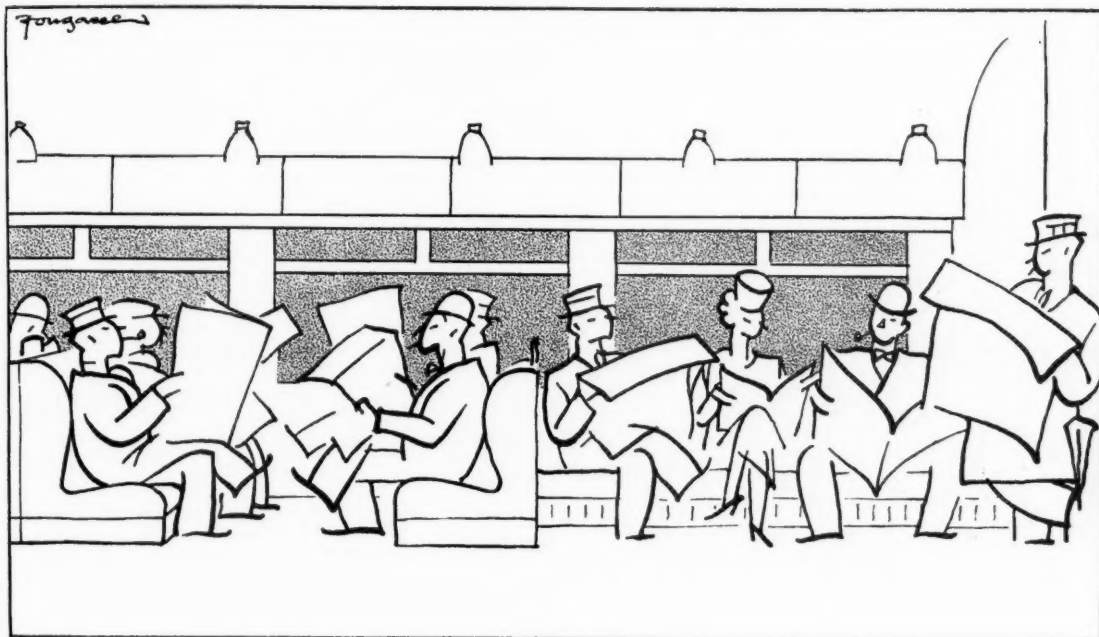
They refute the accusation with iron
Turkish delight.



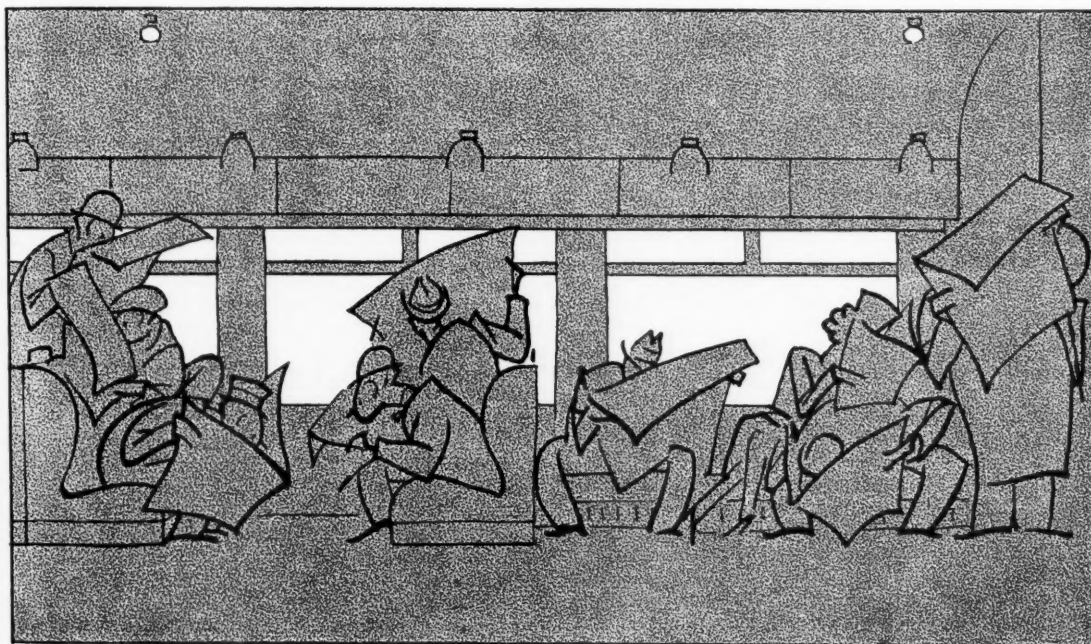
"I know what—let's pretend we're
Hitler and go and annoy everybody."

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

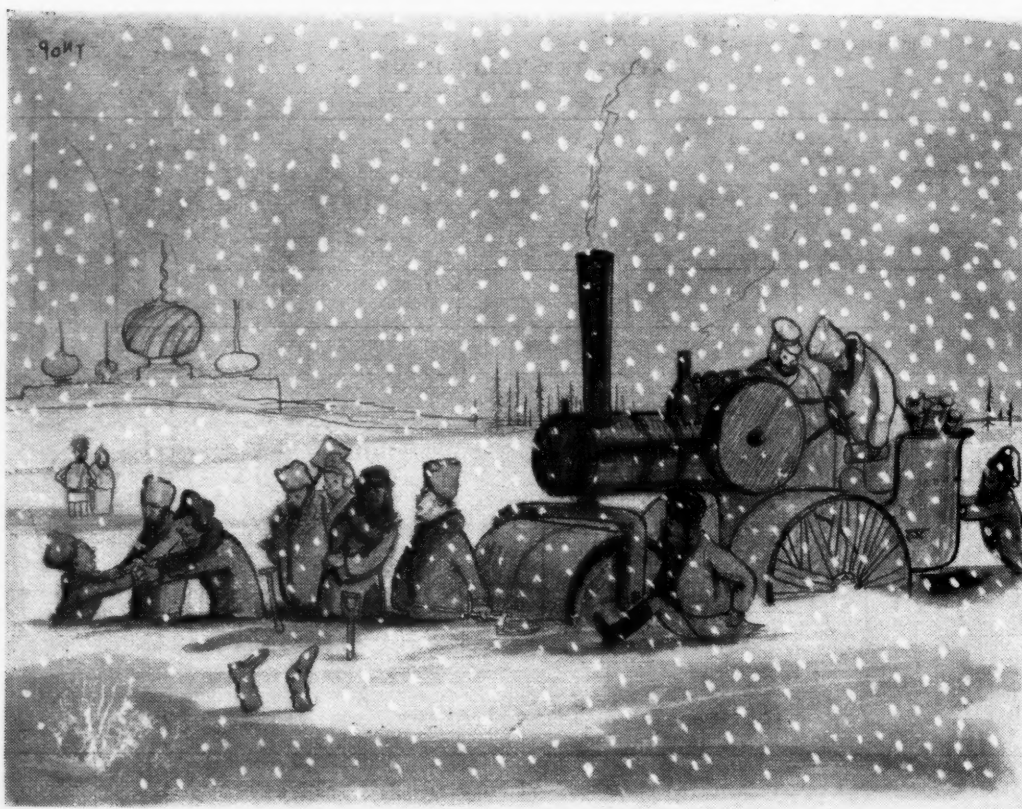
XVIII.—THE TRAIN HOME



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2



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS—LIFE IN RUSSIA

My Diary of the War

By NIGEL MOLESWORTH

Contains: Time-Tables of War days and a.R.p. Huns, boshes, Nazis dirty rotors and tuoughs.

Sept. 3. War declared. 3 tuoughs arrive from Bermingham who are put in Spare room they are awful. They pute out there tongues at me so when mum not looking i scrap them. Chiz. They overcome me but oldest blub and sa he tell his ma. others say ya sissie then oldest hit them and all blub. Ern say his father is a rober (swank) Arch runs about with no trousis he is not going to be a gentlman and at cricket they all slosh and touogh each other up.

Sept. 16. Uncle come in uniform weedy private. Now i say you will haf to kill as many germans as the last war and as that was 5000 you will be hard

pute to it. Uncle tell how he captured ten germans on the Som but Ern creep up and let off toy pistle with cap and uncle jump like anything three feet actually. He chase Ern who hide in walnut tree but give Arch 6 Cheers Ern say his father a murderer he murded 3 old ladies in their bath and strwth the blud was awful.

Sept. 19. Arch has catpillar he was tamed.

Sept. 24. Back to school weedy school. Peason and me we rage in the jim and he say stinker (Mr. Cutler) and Sergent Buble also gone to join up which is enough to pute the germans off. mr Trimp (headmaster) still here but new master is awful as he deaf and face like a monky. Schwarz, german boy say war is just british proper-gander and hitler win india paris and

magninot line. Deaf master agree with him but i do not think he hear. Fotherington-tomas has brought back fairy cycle weedy. Mr. trimp say poland not really beaten.

Sept. 25. 7760400 secs to end of term.

Sept. 30. Trouble with deaf master. He tell us joke caesar had some jam for tea (funny?) and laugh like anything but i draw tremdous tank on a new piece of blotch and he got batey. Write out AMo mono and rego from shorter eating primer. Sergent Bublys son (jimmnascticks) and take us for jewsitsui. He throw Peason over his head.

Nov. 10. Air-rade warning. Masters tremble and scraim, xcept deaf master who asleep in his room. All boys very heroical and I offer cig card solder of

the british Realm to chap who hear first gun. Pearson avacutates white mice which he sa very sussetptible to poson gas. We hear fighting planes—hurricanes—but only deaf master snoring. At last Mr trimp comes and say all into the air-rade shelter all to the shelter dubble. He dash in first (head-masters all the same) and is knee deep in water cheers conduc mark laughing (manners) Very fusty in shelter and white mice perish. We stand on benches but nazis do not come moan groan they are weedy.

Nov. 18. Schwarz has face like a stuffed tomato.

Nov. 20. The new bugs are like girlies awful ticks. They hold hands with deaf master and also Mr trimp and mr Oates (geog). they belive in faires and santa claus. They tell deaf master stories about Snow Wite and the 7 dwarffs and he say they are delightful (sap) Deaf master rember about deten amo moneo rego and give me twice chiz. I get new bugs in croner and make them scrap Schwarz. He say wait till hitler gets to London:

Nov. 23. For school concert we do Hamlet and i am Ophelia chiz chiz chiz.

Nov. 29. Unfortunately we play foop-ball match against St Olafs and loose eight goals to 0. I was amazed at st. Olaf headmaster who shout lustily 'keep it going st Olafs. He's holding up the whole side is Titmarsh mi. Schwarz lets goals through and we tough him each time, especially Isaacs. Tea cheers tea dough nuts and sardines also macaroons." Matron says Peason no longer to keep dead mice in his colar box so we bury them at sea in air-rade shelter.

Dec. 9. 950400 secs to end of term.

Dec. 12. School concert chiz. Peason is hamlet and i haf to blub like anything when he tell me to go into a nunery. Axcident sergent buble's son pull curtain too soon when Mr trimp smaking ghost's head. Absolute snubs. Wish i was a gost all the same I would haunt everybody. Deaf master fuses lights (general Fotherington-tomas too close to Mrs Trimp after?) Get prize water babies general progress chiz. Swap water babies for anti-aircraft gun and micky mouse weekly.

Dec. 13. Deaf master ask for deten amo moneo rego and say his patience nearly exorsted.

Dec. 16. Today all school learn to knit for the soldiers. We do squares and Mrs Trimp stitch into blanket but I am unable actually as I cannot two purl one plane for toffee. Will make my square into balaklava helmet for Aunt Ciss who in the land Army for Christmas Give Isaacs two cig cards



"Said to be hung by our dear Fuehrer in his early days."

(swaps) to do my deten for deaf master. Peason makes water babies into darts and I get blown up chiz.

Dec. 20. Troublesome rags, pillow fights and toughery. We sing song no more latin no more french no more sitting on hard old bench and school dog bite Swarchz. Pack plabox and water baties, pen knife and knitting for Aunt Ciss. As i draw mr Trimp's face on board deaf master say what about deten amo moneo rego. I show him what Isaacs had written but he has done wrong stuff moan and jasper. Deaf master say he is very tired of waiting and i say 'honestly honour bright I will send it in the hols' He

say that is very straightforward of me. (sap). Mr. Trimp say it will snow tomow.

Dec. 21. glorious sunny day yar boo and sucks to the masters. Hurra for Xmas.

The End.

o o

Discrowning the Waltz King

'Tis reported—we hope it's not true—that the Danube, the Beautiful Blue, is banned in Vienna and sent to Gehenna for being composed by a Jew.



"I'm sorry, Madam, but it's the only way he'll keep quiet."

Behind the Lines

XIV.—Merry Christmas

PILE on the logs, the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry
still.*

On these occasions Reason goes
Where Fancy leads her—I propose
To wear a long fictitious nose;

To this I add (in flaxen crêpe)
Some whiskers of romantic shape
Tied firmly to the ears with tape.

Accoutred thus, I mean to be
A source of simple gaiety,
A fount of laughter. We shall see.

It is, I rather think, at meals
My sense of humour best reveals
That subtle art which art conceals.

*This verse, I ought to say, is not
My own unaided work, I got
A hint or two from Walter Scott

The parlourmaid, although denied
By act of war the old and tried
Assistance of a butter slide,

Has still a merry laugh in store:
A string across the kitchen door
Enables her to take the floor.

For friends I have some Jollye Jests
Which, long experience attests,
Unloosen the most costive guests:

I've fashioned after anxious weeks
An egg for hardier physiques
Which, when decapitated, shrieks;

The fairer sex will merely cope
With salted almonds made of soap:
A whimsical surprise (I hope).

And, while we're in the mood, I think,
We'll serve that rather *subtle* drink
Which *looks* like port and *is* red ink.

So taking it all round, you see
My Christmas is designed to be
A day of mirth and jollity.

And all my actions will be graced
By whiskers and (in perfect taste)
A nose which reaches to the waist.

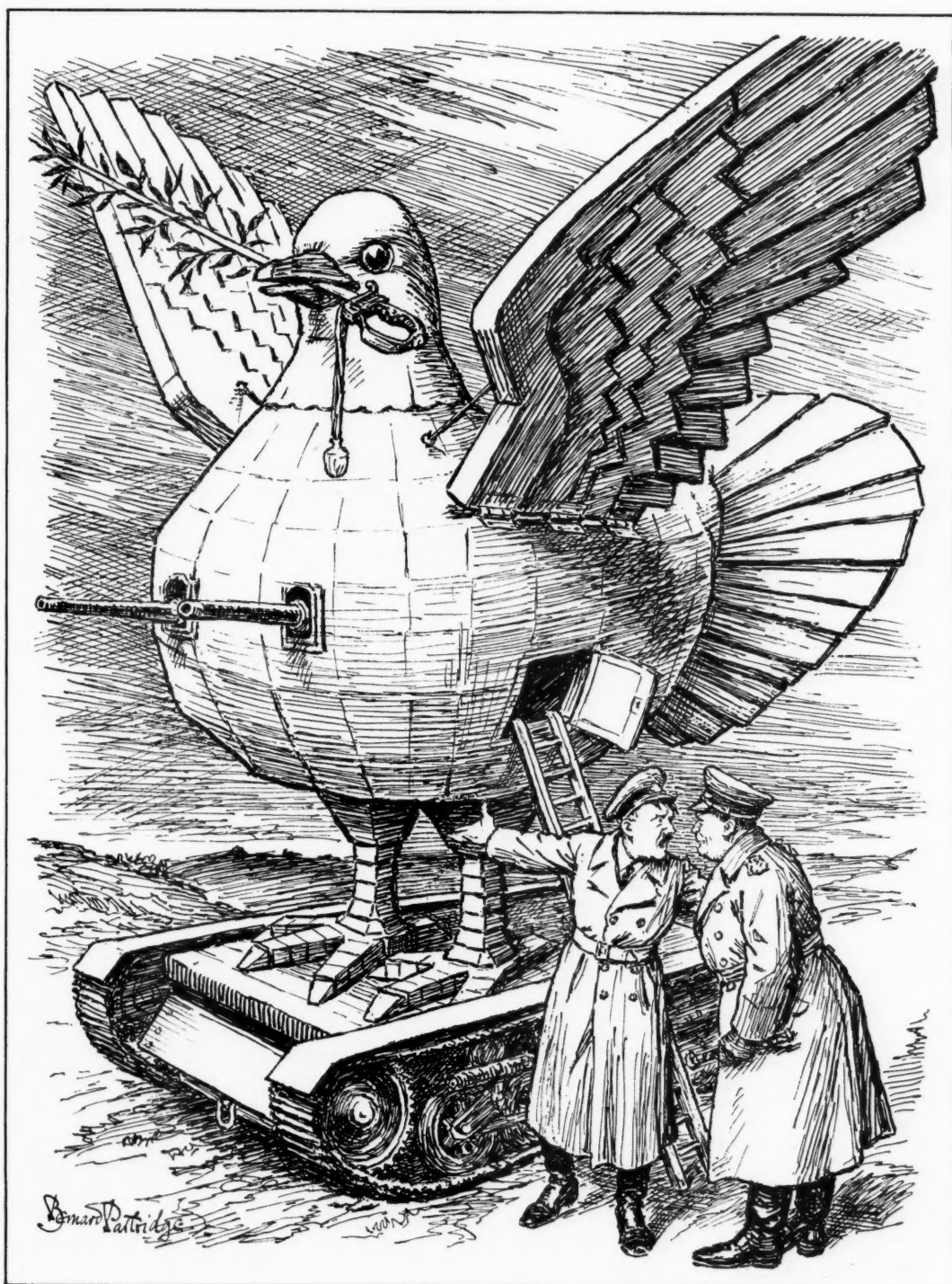
* * * * *

Pile on the logs, the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still,

Such was my hope. But world affairs
So held me that a flight of stairs
Came on the Thinker unawares . . .

Pile on, O medico, your bill
And whistle for it as you will—
At least I kept *my* Christmas still.

A. A. M.



THE WOODEN DOVE

"It came to me in a nightmare, Hermann—my secret weapon against the Allies for next year's campaign."

Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND



IN A GOOD CAUSE

The buying of this material has absorbed the greater part of the money so far collected, and unless further donations are received the cold winter will be upon us before the comforts can be made up. Every penny subscribed will be used for the comfort of the men serving, or Hospital patients, and no expenses whatever will be deducted. Though we know well that these are days of privation and self-denial for all, we yet ask you, those who can, to send us donations, large or small, according to your means; for experience in the last war has proved a hundred times over how urgent may be the call and how invaluable is the assistance that can be rendered. Will you please address all contributions and inquiries to:—Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

YOU are asked to think and to think in good time of the wounded. At any moment their needs may become imperative. They will not consider themselves heroes, they will not complain; they will be those who have neither fallen in action nor come safely through the ordeal, but are part of the reparable human wastage of war; we shall hear them speaking again—the less seriously disabled—in the language long ago familiar to us: "I got my packet at —; I was luckier than some," and yet there will be months of pain in front of them before they can take their place on active service or in civilian life once more.

You are also asked to think of the Navy at sea, the men in the trenches, the men flying, minesweepers, search-light posts, anti-aircraft stations. All are in exposed, cold, wet situations. They need Balaclava helmets, stockings, socks, mittens and woolly waistcoats for the winter.

Mr. Punch has already bought and distributed:—

Chintz	350 yds.
Bleached Calico	640 "
Unbleached Calico	300 "
Turkey Twill	50 "
Flannelette	3752 "
Winceyette	4075 "
Turkish Towelling	86 "
Ripple Cloth	1420 "
Knitting Wool.	7668 lb.

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Moonshine

MY father had a knack of getting into trouble for no reason at all. He was full of whims and prejudices calculated to conflict with the serious purposes of life. I am glad sometimes that he did not live on into our complicated modern age. He would have been sure to upset it.

He once very nearly turned the simple act of watching an eclipse of the moon into a major disaster, and yet when we sat down and thought it all out we could not find it in our hearts to blame him. The thing had just happened.

The eclipse of the moon was due to occur at five minutes past nine one autumn evening, and my father was determined that we should all see it. My mother hoped that we should be able to see as much as was necessary from our bedroom windows, but my father explained that it would be better to go out of doors and view it from an eminence. My elder brother Jim came forward with a plan involving the use of extending ladders, and would have had us all sitting on the roof, but this was turned down. Instead my father decided that we should all go to the top of the little hill behind the garden. My mother said we

should all be blinded unless we smoked pieces of glass in a candle-flame, and although my father told her that this precaution was needed only for eclipses of the sun, she persisted in it.

Among my father's whims was a deep conviction that the adoption of Summer Time over a period of years had thrown our machinery for calculating time out of gear. He did not say that his clock was wrong, but that all clocks were wrong. For mundane activities like catching trains, this did not matter, as the railway companies' clocks and ours would naturally agree; but when it came to lunar predictions it was another matter. My father said that if the eclipse was to occur at five past nine o'clock, to make sure of seeing it we should have to be in our places by six. He thought it quite possible that by monkeying with the clocks the Astronomer Royal had made an error of three hours in so many years.

Accordingly, at six o'clock in the evening, just as dusk was approaching, my father, my mother, my elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and I tramped out of the house, armed with pieces of smoked glass, and grouped ourselves around the summit of the hill behind the garden.

It was a dark and chilly evening, and as time wore on without any sign of the moon, in eclipse or otherwise, my mother began to be haunted by the thought that my father had mistaken the day. To her it seemed that we had already been standing there a good deal longer than three hours, and if the eclipse was over or was not coming she wanted to go home. As she did not share my father's conviction about the Astronomer Royal, she asked him the time.

Unfortunately my father had forgotten to bring his watch, so my mother insisted that he go back to the house to find it. He therefore stumbled off in the blackness.

As my father groped his way down the hill, it struck him that the nearest house was that of our neighbour, Mr. Copplestone, so he called to my mother that he would save himself both time and trouble if he went there instead of going home. He fumbled along the hedge at the bottom of the hill until he came to the nearest wicket-gate, opened it, and directed his faltering footsteps up the gravel path until he came to the front door. He knocked loudly and waited. There was no reply.

After knocking several times, my



"The General wishes to know if you're here in your official capacity."

father decided that Mr. Copplestone and his family had also gone out to witness the eclipse. He was on the point of going away to his own house when the idea entered his head that since he was already at Mr. Copplestone's it would be much easier to open a downstairs window, climb in, strike a match, look at a clock, climb out again and go back to report. He prised open a window and climbed in.

When he was safely inside the house my father felt in his pocket for a match. As he did so he realised that he had left his box in the pocket of his other jacket. A lesser man would at this point have climbed out of the window again and gone home, but my father, once he had embarked upon an undertaking, was obstinacy itself. He could hear a clock ticking somewhere in the room, so, as he could not strike a match, he thought he would grope his way round until he came to it, and by peering intently at its face would discover the time.

Waving his arms before him, my

father set off. The crash of china as he proceeded annoyed but did not deter him. One thought alone was in his mind—to find the clock. The room seemed to be as full of vases and ornaments as his own dining-room, and he eliminated them as he went.

My father had just reached the door of the room when suddenly he heard footsteps on the gravel outside the house, and the sound of a latchkey being inserted in a lock. At once the enormity of his conduct overwhelmed him. He remembered the vases that lay shattered on the floor, and he felt that he could not face Mr. Copplestone at that moment. In panic he went through the door of the room, and immediately bumped his forehead against another door just opposite. Fumbling about, he realised that this was the door of a closet beneath the stairs. He lifted the latch, went in, and closed the door behind him.

My mother, my elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and I waited on the top of the hill for my

father to come back. After a quarter of an hour my mother lost her patience and taking us by the hand led us protesting home.

As we approached the house my mother could see from its darkened condition that my father was still with Mr. Copplestone, so she sent my elder brother Jim to tell him that we were no longer on the hill.

My mother's ears were sharp, and although our house had never been burgled, whenever we came back to it she expected to find it ransacked. Standing in the dark hall she heard the unmistakable sound of a door shutting.

"There's a man in the house," she told my younger brother Henry and me.

We lit the hand-lamp in the hall and, led by my mother, crept stealthily along the passage towards the dining-room. At the entrance to the dining-room my mother started and gave a little shriek that sent my younger brother Henry scurrying back to the hall. The floor of the room was strewn with the wreckage of five vases, a

shepherdess and a Toby jug. At that moment a stifled sneeze from the closet under the stairs betrayed the intruder's hiding-place. My mother beat on the door of the closet and said, "Come out, whoever you are!"

My father, crouching in the closet, recognised my mother's voice and could not understand what she was doing there. He was still under the impression that he was in Mr. Copplestone's house and that Mr. Copplestone and his family would return at any moment. He concluded that my mother had lost her way in the dark, and in some extraordinary way had forced an entry. As she continued to beat on the closet door he was terrified lest Mr. Copplestone should trap them all.

"Keep quiet, keep quiet!" he shouted.

"Come out of there," cried my mother.

As the door was latched on the outside my father could not come out, so he roared "Keep quiet" again in his sternest voice.

My father used his sternest voice so rarely that my mother did not recognise it. She was only awed by its terrifying vigour. It suddenly occurred to her that if the intruder took her at her word and came out she would be a defenceless woman with two small children.

"We must keep him in," she said to my younger brother Henry and me. All three of us began hugging furniture into the passage and piling it up against the closet door.

When we had completely blocked the passage my elder brother Jim returned to say that Mr. Copplestone had not seen my father all the evening. My mother immediately became hysterical. She decided that a savage fight had taken place in the dining-room, that my father had been killed, and that his murderer was now hiding in the closet. She sent my elder brother Jim back to fetch Mr. Copplestone and any other able-bodied men he could find.

When my elder brother Jim had explained the awful circumstances to Mr. Copplestone, that gentleman came round, accompanied by two friends who had been taking tea with him. They armed themselves with kitchen poker and tore away the furniture we had piled up.

Mr. Copplestone called out: "We are all armed. You had better give yourself up." Then he threw open the door of the closet and my father came out.

Seeing Mr. Copplestone standing there with a raised poker ready to strike confirmed my father in his

opinion that he was in Mr. Copplestone's house. "I am very sorry," he said. "I only wanted to know the time."

Later my father found it impossible to make Mr. Copplestone believe the truth, so he allowed my mother to spread it about that an intruder had attacked him and locked him in his

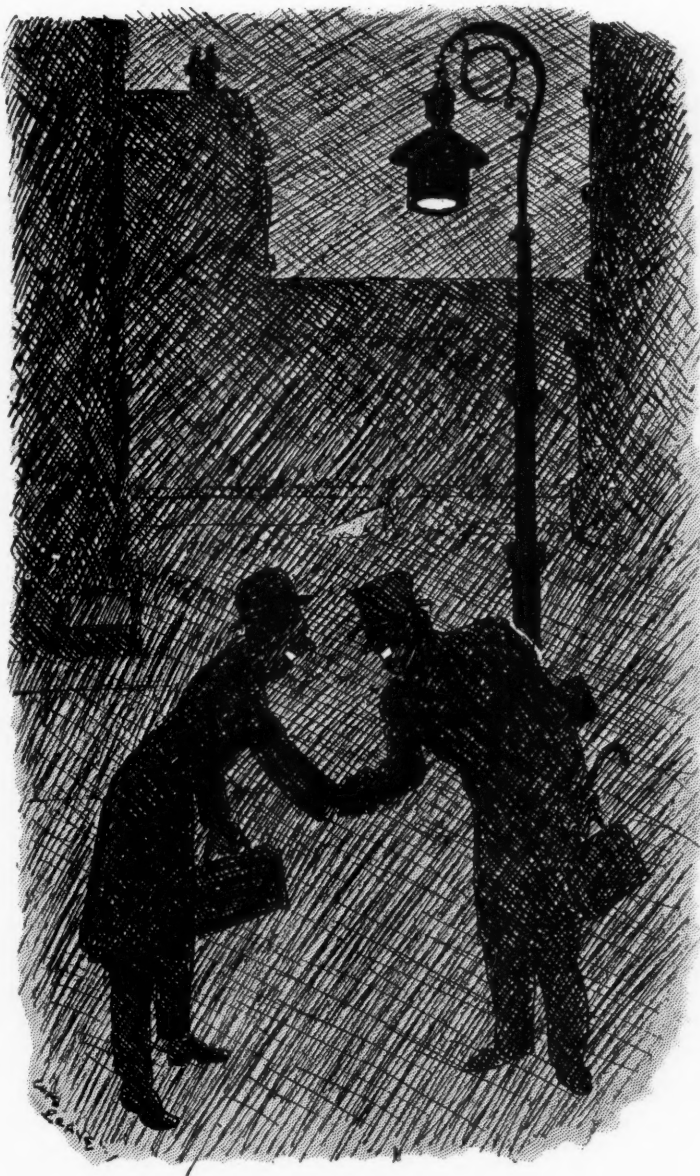
own closet. The identity of this intruder is still one of the major mysteries of the village.

o o

"Highly recommended infants' Nannie, 39. 10 yrs. ref. Here to-day."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

. . . and — ?



"Hello, Smith—this new lighting, Robinson, is a great improvement, Jones; isn't it—er—Brown?"



"For hours I clung to the sheer rock until the guide returned with help."

Down and Out on Two Thousand a Year

AT five o'clock on a dull December afternoon O'Seedy's Doss-house, in one of the most squalid quarters of Welwyn Garden City, presented an animated spectacle. In the kitchen, which was also the common eating-room and sleeping room—indeed the only room—a score of men might have been seen lounging frenziedly about with frying-pans and kettles in their hands, fighting for places at the big cooking-stove. There were tramps, cut-throats, out-of-work seamen, out-of-date lighthouse-keepers, and religious maniacs of all ages and nationalities. They had only one thing in common—they were all extremely dirty.

O'Seedy's Doss-house was not a very pleasant place. For one thing, it had no windows or even doors: in fact the only way of getting into it at all was through a low-class hair-dresser's shop. It had only two walls, and the roof had never been paid for. Patrick O'Seedy himself was engaged in a perpetual altercation with the contractor, the latter endeavouring to remove the roof, and O'Seedy trying to retain it by main force.

There were four of us regular lodgers at the doss-house, as distinguished from the floating population. We were none of us very pleasant people, to say the least of it. I often

used to think, with a kind of wondering revulsion, how extremely unpleasant we were. And, as none of us ever seemed to have any money, I often wondered how we managed to keep alive at all. But obviously nothing was to be gained by speculations of that kind.

As I said, there were four of us. Firstly, there was Jack Vilebody, who, from prolonged residence in Australia, I gathered, was generally known as "Canadian Jack." He was a rat-like undersized creature, with protruding eyes set deep beneath a receding forehead. He had no teeth and wore an old hat-brim round his neck for a collar. Thief, bag-snatcher, pickpocket, thief, there was nothing he had not been, according to his own account.

Charlie Nudger, known for obvious reasons as "Two-Eared Charlie," was of a different calibre. A man of enormous physical strength, I have known him knock down and rob as many as ten old women or cripples in one evening; and sometimes, for want of anything better to do, he would knock himself down and was only prevented from robbing himself by the manifest impossibility of doing so.

Thirdly, there was the man called "the Archdeacon." I never discovered his real name. There was nothing at all noteworthy about him. He never said anything, nor, as far as I could see, did he ever do anything. He was one of those strange original characters who are to be met with only in the Underworld.

Of my own record I need say little. I was generally known at O'Seedy's as "Methusaleh." Why, I cannot say. But without boasting I think I can say that I was as tough as any man in the place. If there was a rough-house, I was sure to be in it. On one occasion, in fact, when Two-Eared Charlie insulted me, I went out and sat by myself for three hours in the public library. That will serve to show the kind of customer I was. I think, however, that I ought to mention one circumstance which, unimportant though it was, distinguished me, I suppose, in some degree from my companions. As I had a private income of about two thousand a year I did not really *have* to stay at O'Seedy's at all. As a matter of fact the only reason why I was there was that I was engaged in writing a book on the Underworld.

But this distinction, if it was a distinction, was apparently lost on my companions. They accepted me as one of themselves. And certainly in my stained morning-coat, battered Homburg and ragged spats I was as dirty and unpleasant, I flatter myself, as any of them. As I went on gathering materials, now noting down some new and exceptionally lurid oath, now making a thumbnail sketch of some more than usually uninteresting character, I would often smile at my companions' unconsciousness of my activities.

And yet as the months passed I began to have my doubts. Sometimes I thought I saw a shade of suspicion cross the face of one or other of my friends. But if so it was suspicion not of me only but of all the others as well. It was all very peculiar. The behaviour of Two-Eared Charlie in particular often gave me furiously to think. Every now and again he would seize one or other of us by the throat and then, holding his victim at arm's length, gaze searchingly into his face. Did he suspect something? I wondered. If so, what?

One winter's day, as I sat with my legs thrust deep into the big cooking-stove, an idea suddenly occurred to me—an idea so horrible that it sent a chill to my heart and nearly broke every bone in my body. I began to put two and two together, to remember little incidents inexplicable in themselves, even more inexplicable when considered together. I remembered that Jack Vilebody had once asked me how to spell the word "sordid." I remembered how "the Archdeacon" had once stolen a bottle of ink from a Greek sailor.

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"This black-out business'll be the ruin of me."

I remembered that I had once seen Two-Eared Charlie stuffing a handful of papers hurriedly under the pile of old railway sleepers which served him for bedding. What did it all mean?

Next day, as it happened, I had the house to myself. My three friends had all gone out, each on his separate task of villainy. I did not hesitate a moment. As soon as the coast was clear I flung myself, with a furiously beating heart, upon their few poor effects. A few moments later I started back in horror. I held in my hands three smudged and dog's-eared manuscripts. One bore the heading "Confessions of a Tramp," by Charles Nudger; the second was entitled "An Outcast in Three Hemispheres," by J. Vilebody; the third (anonymous) was "Filthy People." Further search revealed a mass of fountain-pens, cheque-books, typewriter-ribbons and assorted stationery.

An hour later I was still standing there, petrified and aghast at the wholesale duplicity thus revealed, when I heard heavy steps close behind me. Next moment the manuscripts were snatched viciously from my grasp by three pairs of hands. I will pass over the scene that followed; the mutual recriminations of four would-be authors do not make pleasant reading. Besides, the scene did not last long; for as the reality of the position came home to us like a thunder-clap, each one rushed away to a different corner of the room and began to write for dear life.

The masks were off now. For several days after that it was a grim and unrelenting struggle. In O'Seedy's Doss-house the scrape of pens and the rustle of paper drowned the shouts of drunken seamen and the hiss of frying tripe.

It was on the following Saturday that we all completed our manuscripts simultaneously, flung down our pens, and made a mad rush for the door. Henceforth it was a race for London and the nearest publisher.

Whether or not I should have won that race I cannot say. I had not run half a mile when I tripped over a secondhand typewriter that happened to be lying in the roadway and was knocked unconscious.

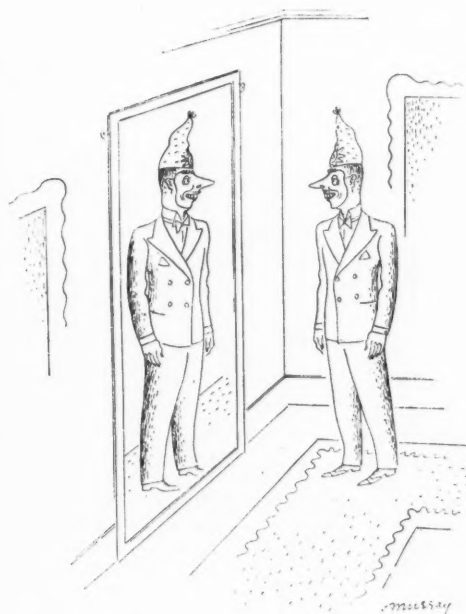
The Open Road

Oh, how I should like to go roaming the roads—
The little brown byways too bumpy for cars
That cartloads of cabbage and gamekeepers' boots
Have punctured with pitfalls and puddles and scars,

The roads that meander all moistly through farms
And fat pigs with litters and lean dogs with leads,
The roads that are friendly with lithe little streams
And wildly devoted to all sorts of weeds!

Dormice adorn them and shorthorns and sheep
And gipsies' old jam-jars and labourers' lunches
And teazel and toadflax and tansy and toothwort
And hemlock and henbane and burdock in bunches.

Oh, how I should like to go roaming the roads,
With all of this island's enchantments to choose,
If only my underthings didn't ruck up
And the sharp little stones would stay out of my shoes!



"Excuse me—does this lead to the drawing-room?"

Letters to the Registrar of a Military Convalescent Hospital

(Being Further Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club)

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., "The Cedars," Roughover.

18th October, 1939.

DEAR WHELK,—Now that we are all agreed that Roughover Golf Club should be turned into a Military Convalescent Hospital for the duration of the war I thought it as well (in my capacity of Chairman of the new Board of Management) to hold our first meeting (an impromptu one) this afternoon.

Proceedings were run through without a single hitch, a fact which we all agreed was attributable to your not being there.

As to business done—it was unanimously approved that you, as Registrar, be solely responsible for raising the requisite funds and that you be immediately instructed to take all steps necessary for so doing. Present at the meeting in addition to myself were Lionel Nutmeg (Malayan Civil Service, Retd.), Commander Harrington Nettle and Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, both late R.N.

You'd better put all this into the minutes.

Yours truly,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—One thing I am prepared to relieve you of and that is the collection of monetary contributions from my fellow boardsmen. This you may leave to me—it will be something of a pleasure.

From Wilson Proof, J.P., Printer & Newspaper Proprietor, Roughover.

21st October, 1939.

DEAR Mr. WHELK,—In reply to your letter of the 20th inst. I shall of course be very happy to start a Subscription List for the new Military Convalescent Hospital—same to be launched in my paper *The Roughover Weekly Herald*.

Quite privately, though, I should like to point out that it really ought to be on the strict understanding that I be given all printing or advertising contracts which you may be placing once the Institution is a going concern.

In return for my present collaboration I trust you will see that this arrangement is duly honoured.

Yours very sincerely,
W. PROOF.

From Mrs. Helen Dimple, Flag Day Organiser, Ypres Cottage, Roughover.

DEAR MISTER WHELK,—This is just to tell you, Sir, that there was a kronie carry-on with the Flag Day here to-day, for Mrs. Gopherly-Smyte had a great set too with Mrs. Bagworthy of the Cannons, the former getting her face well slapped along of her jostling Mrs. B. off her beat outside the Town Hall, she having waited 1½ hours on it for to sell a flag to the Lord Mayor when he came out and her after telling all and sundry that she knew something about his past that would make him give double what he would to anyone else.

Then, Sir, there was also a gent what by mistake stuck the pin of the flag he had bought into the flesh of his chest, and the pin being rusty, he rushed in here to Headquarters like a mad bull, roaring out that we is all to be in the cart if he has blood-poisoning.

Well Sir, Charity begins at home and no mistake for we has already got £92 10s. 4d., and more boxes still to come in and it would be have been £92 10s. 5d. but for Mrs. Carter's Lizzie getting a fright from a dog and dropping her penny down the grating at the fishmonger's.

Yours Sir,
HELEN DIMPLE.

P.S.—The new Policeman with the red face has just called in to say they are to summons you for allowing juveniles under 18 to collect.

From "Honos Habet Onus."

SIR,—Herewith £1 note being Conscience Money and proceeds of a private golf bet collected on the Links last June. My desire to win was so strong that I intentionally miscounted my score on several occasions.

The matter has weighed rather heavily on my mind ever since, and I shall be glad of the resultant mental relief which I feel this letter entitles me to.

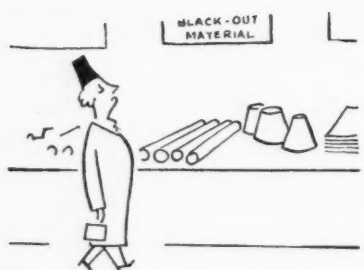
Acknowledgment in the Press in due course will oblige.

Yours faithfully,
HONOS HABET ONUS.

From William Ragwort, Farmer, Roughover.

Wednesday.

DEAR SIR,—In response to your



appeal for funds for the Hospital, herewith please find, per my youngest, the following:—

- 2 Nice Ducks.
1 Dozen Wallflower plants.
1 Goat (aged).

I am a bit hard-up for the "ready," and it is the best I can do for the new Military Hospital.

The goat has recent taken to answering to the name of Ribbentrop, but has few vices for all that. He should fetch 17/- if you were lucky.

Yours, Sir,
WM. RAGWORT.

*From Commander Harrington Nettle,
C.M.G., D.S.O. (late R.N.), Flag-
staff Villa, Roughover.*

25/10/39.

DEAR WHELK,—Your letter of appeal to my sister was really rather successful as she has just told me she will put up £1,000 towards starting the Military Convalescent Hospital. The only thing is : *she demands a seat on the Board of Management.*

This will not go down at all well with the General, who has always publicly stated that he will never sit on any Committee with a woman, while Nutmeg, I expect, will have a lot to say too, being a misogynist of 43 years' unbroken standing.

However, I think we should accept her offer as it would be a comparatively simple matter to vote her off the board again (on a majority show of hands, etc.) once the money was spent.

At first sight this may seem rather an underhand affair, and I would of course never have dreamed of making such a proposal had she not been my sister; but it seems to be the only solution.

I am leaving it to you to break the news to the General, etc. Tell them you will soon have her contribution disposed of (they will readily believe this). At the same time appeal to their sense of patriotism—after all it is little enough for them to do for their country.

Yours sincerely,
HARRINGTON NETTLE.

*From Christopher Badger, St. Beowulf's-
in - the - Wood Preparatory School,
Sunbourne.*

25/10/39.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I expect you won't remember me but I am the boy who got a bad fit of choking in the locker-room last summer, and I am now sending you a sixpence for the Hospital as I hear you want it.

I have got it from—

- 1d.—saved from last two Sunday
offertories.
1d.—off my pocket money.
2d.—off my conker bets.
2d.—for a rat caught in the Lower
Furnace Room and paid for
(the tail) by the Bursar.

Literature in Uniform

[I am to suggest the following as typifying the sort of article to which no objection could be taken:

- (a) Biographies.
- (b) Reminiscences of past campaigns, particularly 1914-1918.
- (c) Translations from the German, which should be confined to non-confidential matter, provided that the identity of formations and units is not disclosed.
- (d) Stories of sport and adventure.
- (e) Stories concerning the domestic affairs of a unit (so long as neither the unit nor its station are (*sic*) identifiable).—*Extract from War Office Letter 32/Arts/2595.*

VISITORS to the old-world Suffolk village of King's Proctor, intent on seeing the fine stained glass at the east end of the church and the quaint old circular dart-board at the west end of the "Five Bells," may easily overlook a modest two-story cottage of Georgian red brick which stands in the main street between the post office and the shop. Yet this cottage is worthy of more than a passing interest; for it was here that on St. Pancras's Day of the year 1896 there was born the boy who was afterwards to become Henry Spink.

Little in his early life presaged the brilliant individuality which he later achieved. At his preparatory school, whither he was sent at the age of eight, he never succeeded in winning a prize, and his somewhat puny physique prevented him from playing any games but cricket, football and hockey; and though he was elected to "Pop" at Eton and to "Mom" at Balliol, his academic career was distinguished more for its distinction than anything else.

It was in the 1914-1918 campaign that his peculiar genius first began to blossom. I remember at the beginning of 1915, when we were serving together in the —th —shires at Y—, one incident that may be said to have been typical of Henry as he was at that time. He was detailed, along with three other men, to proceed to the Base Supply Depot at E— and fetch thirty oxometers which were waiting there to be collected. When the party arrived they were duly informed that an oxometer is an instrument used for measuring the amount of nonsense talked at Brigade Headquarters, and recommended to keep quiet about the whole affair.

Such, however, was not Henry's way. Somehow or other he succeeded in—succeeded in—well, I know it was something or other very funny, but for the life of me I can't remember now

what it was he did succeed in. It was a long time ago, after all.

In October of that year he was commissioned to the —th —shires, and a month later he distinguished himself by capturing six of the enemy single-handed. One of these was a young intellectual-looking boy who spoke a few words of English, and Henry made it his business to interrogate him for possible useful information.

The young German, however, pretended not to speak English; so Henry, pretending not to speak German, encouraged him to prattle on in that language while he surreptitiously made notes on the back of his mess-bill. Roughly translated, the prisoner's statement ran as follows:—

"Through France there wandered two —s, who had been imprisoned in Russia; and as they arrived in the German quarter they let their heads hang." It went on in this strain—the original, in well-turned quatrains, ran for some minutes—before ending on a passionate note of loyalty to the speaker's Kaiser. In the course of the statement the boy revealed that he had been wounded and that his wounds were burning.

Further questioned by Henry he replied, "I do not know why I am so sad—it must be some fairy-tale from ancient times that I can't get out of my head. The air is cool, and it is getting dark, and the — flows quietly; the mountain-peak shines in the evening sunlight."

After that Henry was so discouraged that he had himself transferred to the Army School of Physical Training. It was not long before he made his mark here, and in September, 1916, we find him captaining the School's Rugby XV. Never shall I forget that magnificent game against the Army Educational Corps in that month. At half-time the A.E.C. were ten points up; they had established a definite superiority in the pack, and their three-quarters out-paced Henry's consistently.

From the beginning of the second half, however, Henry was inspired. From a beautiful reverse pass by Corporal Boot he made a splendid run down the left wing and scored near the corner-post. Taking the kick himself, he converted and wiped off half the arrears. The rest of his team took heart and were soon shoving the A.E.C. pack off their feet in every scrum. By ten minutes from no-side not only had the lead been wiped out but a margin of five favourable points gained. With a brief rally, the A.E.C. netted three

more points when T/Lieut. Blackboard scored from a good run; but the try was unconverted. Finally, with a minute to go, Henry, beating the opposing full-back with a glorious swerve, scored once more right between the posts; Boot converted, and the game was won. How the crowd applauded! Henry was carried off the field shoulder-high and spent the next ten minutes signing his autograph on a batch of Army Forms B295 brought to him by the Orderly Corporal.

On their way back from the game the team had a remarkable adventure. They were walking up a dark road leading to their barracks when they were met by a dishevelled man carrying a shot-gun.

"For heaven's sake be careful!" he called out to them. "A lion has escaped from a circus near here, and it has been reported in this neighbourhood. Probably it is hungry, and certainly it is bad-tempered and dangerous."

Without a moment's hesitation Henry went into conference with himself and was just on the point of issuing an operation order when the lion itself appeared from a thicket and ate one of the party before being itself killed by the man with the shot-gun.

This tempered the elation of the victorious team, and their despondency was heightened when, on returning to barracks, they found that the popular Sergeant Niceman had been put under close arrest. It was alleged that the inventory-board in the barrack-room for which he was responsible revealed gross irregularities; both the pokers, men's, had been improperly removed and improperly replaced by poker, warrant officers', one, and poker, officers', one. In addition the board, shove-ha'penny, had been improperly treated with some sticky substance which gave an unfair advantage to anyone in the know.

A court of inquiry was held next morning at which Henry presided, and there was general rejoicing when it was revealed that it was not Sergeant Niceman who was to blame but the unpopular Sergeant Sly, who had faked the irregularities in revenge for the humiliation he had suffered when his girl had broken off their engagement in favour of Niceman. Sergeant Niceman was of course found not guilty of the charges against him; Sergeant Sly was shot at dawn next day; and Henry Spink, amid the plaudits of the assembled troops, was awarded the O.B.E.

There!



An Eye on Donald

(Donald Duck in his new appearance has "complied with the requirements of the Ministry of Information")

NOT, be it held, from causes darkly sinister,
Not that he roams the land a doubtful spy:
Still, it would seem, our Information Minister
Has turned on Donald an Enquiring Eye.

He may have plunged into some Duck-like error
Which roused suspicion of a graver guilt
But, though in some respects a holy terror,
One would suggest that it's the way he's built.

Here, where new secret things are daily hidden,
His airy way of shoving in his beak
Just where he likes, unwanted and unbidden,
The calm effort'ry and unblushing cheek

To which NO ENTRY is at once suggestive
Of something he must needs explore or burst,
Might make Intelligence a trifle restive,
To put it mildly. Nor is that the worst.

We have been urged, and wisely so, to bridle
Our wayward tongues in prudence' loyal name;
Can you imagine aught more suicidal?
Can you see Donald playing at that game?

One of those close-eyed fits of sudden choler,
One of those paddies kindled by a spark,
And he'd blurt out, you bet your bottom dollar,
All that in decency should be kept dark.

Still, seeing that he wears a coat of whitewash,
He can go squattering round, the perfect Star,
But though compliance, as they put it, might wash
Once in a way, that Eye will not be far.

So, if he's open to a friendly warning,
He will assume a meek and chastened mien,
Lest we awake to find some bitter morning
Booted, our Donald, and an empty screen.

DUM-DUM.



"If you hear anyone coming, whistle the Prestissimo from Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Teuton Tempers

WHEN GEORGE AUGUSTUS and CAROLINE of Anspach, his lady, were Prince and Princess of Wales they quarrelled so violently with the reigning monarch, KING GEORGE I, that, after shocking scenes culminating in a scandalous expulsion from the palace, they were compelled to set up a Court and a Party of their own; yet so little did they take the experience to heart that when their turn came round they inflicted similar banishment on their own royal heir and his consort. All of which, though it may not have been quite their fault, was very demoralising and does not suggest the easiest of tempers. In *Caroline of England* (COLLINS, 12/6) Mr. PETER QUENNELL does something to apportion responsibility, showing the Queen as the victim of the King's loud-voiced cholers, the recipient of even his least reputable confidences and the absolute but unrealised comptroller of his mind. When taking his annual holiday in Hanover he wrote her, in the days before typewriters, many letters running to sixty pages each, but *Caroline's* endurance, like her figure, was on the heroic scale, and though he was still storming at her on her death-bed, he never ceased to mourn for her. Afterwards he would play cards only with packs from which the queens had been removed. Mr. QUENNELL brings to life an age now incredibly remote, yet even then moving visibly towards the present epoch of explosion.

Flora's Cabinet

With the formal garden went the formal flowers, flowers whose curious, or at least civilised, effect corresponded to

similar effects in other domains of contemporary art. Thus the celebrated Elizabethan carnations of Master TUGGIE reflected, one supposes, the slashed breeches of Sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON; Victorian fuchsias mimicked the colours and contour of the prevailing crinoline; while feathered tulips, moss-roses, auriculas, dahlias and verbenas have architectural and even poetical parallels in the ages they most signally adorned. On this delightful theme Mr. SACHEVERELL SITWELL discourses with an exquisite gusto not only for the flowers themselves but for the experts who produced them. For such pleasant things as the pink "Fool's coat" and the double polyanthus "Gingerbread" were not purely a rich man's passion. Lancashire and Paisley weavers, in the days when they wove at home, were the most ardent of flower-raisers—it is only modern civilisation, says Mr. SITWELL, that "cheats us of our leisure." To the return of this leisure, its flowers and the old botanists' faithful pictures of them—the last-named so inadequately understudied here by a series of rather eccentric lithographs—*Old-Fashioned Flowers* (COUNTRY LIFE, 15/-) should inspiringly contribute.

Once Upon a Time

Grandparents who used to acquire Christmas after Christmas the *English, Celtic and Indian Fairy Tales* of JOSEPH JACOBS will welcome Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE's *Animal Stories* (FABER AND FABER, 8/6). For here are "Tom Tit Tot," "Mr. Fox," "Henny Penny," "Whittington and His Cat," "The Story of the Three Little Pigs," and other immortal *märchen* from the two famous English volumes—lifted verbatim in an exquisitely patterned vernacular narrative that can almost be memorised like poetry for the delectation of the nursery. Here too are a series of delightful seventeenth-century wood-cuts from



"So what do you think I said, eh? What do you think I said?"

Thus
UGGIE
CHRIS-
colours
hered
have
they
e Mr.
gusto
s who
pink
read"
e and
were
modern
f our
ne old
ed so
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LIFE.

Topsell's Historie of Four-Footed Beastes, ingeniously replacing the BATTEN pictures of happy memory. The remainder of the stories—from old GRIMM favourites retold to such clever modern imitations as "How the Manx Cat Lost His Tail"—are engaging in so far as they have caught (as many of them have) the almost inimitable folk-lore spirit. This is equally true of the rhymes and jingles scattered between the stories and of Mr. DE LA MARE's many-sided preface: though a poet with so characteristic a magic of his own is naturally a little astray in the ruder and racier world of popular tradition.

Moonrakers All

Ninety-nine miles from Hyde Park Corner on the signpost, but rather nearer to Bath, there is a corner of Wilts whose cottages are of a Cotswold type but thatched instead of Stonesfield-slatted. Never having lived in cottages themselves or known the comfort of a roof that keeps you cool in summer and warm in winter, the local authorities have vetoed thatch on new dwellings. So what is characteristic dwindles until such records as *Wiltshire Village* (COLLINS, 10/6) take on more and more the appearance of obituaries. In this particular volume, however, HEATHER and ROBIN TANNER, she with her pen and he with his pen and burin, have recorded what is still alive and vigorous of "Kington Borel's" indigenous arts and crafts, flora and fauna, speech and customs. Their prime virtue is the detailed care with which they have described and illustrated such sagacious country practices as the chamfered cut-work on a hay-wain, decoration which actually reduces a ninth of the weight of the wagon. They are equally sound on POLLY FRY's sun-bonnets and Mrs. COATES' pickled Christmas brisket of beef. A serviceable book as well as an engaging one.

Filling Life's Intervals

Those who think of the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P., as a strong supporter of Protection and Imperial preference, as the author of the standard History of the South African War, as an advocate early and late of universal military training, and as one of those responsible for the establishment of the Singapore Base—to name a few of the matters which have brought him into public notice—may or may not be surprised to learn that his private life between whiles has been full of adventures. It is the story of these that he tells in *Days of Fresh Air* (JARROLD, 15/-). He takes us into many parts of the world, and he seems to have had a preference for places where there were few if any facilities



Orderly Sergeant. "LIGHTS OUT, THERE."

Voice from the Hut. "IT'S THE MOON, SERGINT."

Orderly Sergeant. "I DON'T GIVE A D—N WHAT IT IS. PUT IT OUT!"

W. S. Broadhead, January 2nd, 1918

for travel. He found his way, for instance, equipped with little more than a gift for languages and a ready wit, through South Eastern Europe and Turkey at a time when political relations were more complicated even than they are to-day. Wherever there was an unnavigable river he navigated it on a raft, and wherever there was an

unclimbable mountain he set to work to climb it and usually succeeded. Narratives of climbing, frequently rather unintelligible to those who have not tried that thrilling pastime, are in his hands breathlessly vivid. Indeed throughout the book his power of description has constantly that arresting quality which, with its humour and its choice of words, makes you want to stop and admire and at the same time to hurry on to read more.

Amy in Gangsterland

There is, since the hero had a dream-girl and the heroine a day-dream, a touch of *The Brushwood Boy* in Miss STELLA GIBBONS' latest novel, *My American* (LONGMANS, 8/6). Hero and heroine met once as children, and then many years later, when each realised that the dreams had come true. It sounds (and that because Miss GIBBONS is no KIPLING) a bit banal, but her *Amy* had something in common with CARROLL's *Alice* and wanted to be left alone, and like *Alice*, she was solemn. *Amy* was a waif who strayed into writing, filled school notebooks with her thrillers, and became "office-girl" in the publishing firm of a boys' magazine. Her predecessors had been sacked because they tried to get their stories published in the magazine. *Amy* succeeded and went to America (on a lecture-tour) and met her American and saved him from a gangster's ruin. Yes, it sounds banal, but Miss GIBBONS has the fairy-tale touch, and even if her tongue is in her cheek it is better placed than many people's pens. Her latest book is not her best but it is entertaining and has a certain air about it.

Young Explorers

Of childhood's two outstanding classes, the constructive and the destructive, Mr. ARTHUR RANSOME, ignoring the very existence of the latter, constitutes himself the brave high-priest and annalist of the former. Given a family large enough for tribal adventure, the freedom of land and water, a job of work to be done and parents reckless or confiding enough to leave you alone to do it; given, moreover, an imagination compact of exploratory and savage lore from *Sindbad the Sailor* to *The Last of the Mohicans*, and some such exploits as those of the crews of the *Wizard* and the *Firefly* are bound to result. The practical side of these is at once the jolliest and, one feels, the most legitimate. When such magnificent play is made with details of real navigation, chart-making and foraging, the "savage" proclivities of *John*, *Susan*, *Titty*, *Roger* and *Bridget*—not to mention *Nancy*, *Peggy* and *The Mastodon*—are a comparatively babyish diversion. Incidentally some of their details might take a nightmarish turn for a sensitive child, but with this reservation *Secret Water* (CAPE, 7/6) should hit the taste of any and every girl and boy.

The Two Georges

Compilers of highly "personal" lives of celebrated literary figures have a method of imparting a scholarly air to the product that recalls the genuine bee in synthetic American honey. In the case of *Marian, The Life of George Eliot* (RICH AND COWAN, 15/-), it consists of a wholly otiose disquisition on the comparative literary stature of GEORGE ELIOT and EMILY BRONTË. This over, the reader may lapse into consideration of MARY ANN EVANS as the soul-mate of GEORGE HENRY LEWES with the comfortable assurance of remaining henceforth undisturbed by any too exacting demands on his or her critical intelligence. Yet apart from the craft of letters, which she envisaged as something sacred and sanctifying, there is a tragic comicality about much of GEORGE ELIOT's career: in particular her finally successful endeavours—so absurdly like MARY SHELLEY's—to recapture a sunny place in the society she had so signally flouted. The most memorable page in SIMON DEWEES' book is the picture of a party for a hundred and fifty which was attended by fourteen. That this should be so points surely to an imperfect sympathy between the author of *The Mill on the Floss* and her latest biographer.

A Crooner Croons No More

Mr. CORTLAND FITZSIMMONS is clever at setting his readers a difficult problem to solve, and they will require to be exceptionally astute if they discover the murderer in *Sudden Silence* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6). This sensational story has for its star performer *Hal Harrison*, an idolised band-leader and crooner. But naturally this idol had his jealous enemies, and when he was on the point of starting to San Francisco he was warned, if he valued his life, to stay away from that city. Needless to say he neglected this warning, and his first public appearance was interrupted by a cold-blooded murder, though a rival crooner and not the great *Hal* himself was the victim. A cleverly contrived imbroglia followed, and humour of a rather pronounced type is provided by an American woman who was one of the world's most pertinacious pests. Of its type this is a very readable yarn.

Among the new calendars there are, as usual, two with a particular appeal for *Punch* readers. One, published by MESSRS. G. DELGADO LTD., reprints over a hundred pictures from *Punch*; the other is the tear-off calendar issued by MESSRS. M'CAW, STEVENSON and ORR, which gives a quotation from our "Charivaria" for every day in the year.





Germany is Ours

MUCH the best plan, I thought, as I carefully pasted little pieces of black tape over the lighted cottage windows on my Christmas Cards (for I always like to do things thoroughly)—much the best plan would be the one which was roughly outlined in our last week's number; for it was there suggested that we ought to set up in a nameless town on our unknown British coast a True, *De facto*, Constitutional and Authoritative Government of Germany to which we could amicably state our terms of peace; thenceforward with an even clearer conscience and a stouter resolution prosecuting our quarrel against the Insurgents, Rebels and Buccaneers who (at present) hold Germany in thrall.

"They would of course agree to our terms," I said to myself, "and it would make the news bulletins so much more exciting if the announcer could talk about Hitler as the ex-Chancellor of the Reich, Pseudo Field-Marshal Goering, Usurping Gestapo Chief Himmler, and the so-called German Minister of Propaganda, at the same time contrasting their ridiculous behaviour with the sanity and calm of the Rightful Government established Somewhere in Great Britain in the county of —."

For it was thus, after all, that Herr Hitler's Government dealt with Austria, Bohemia, and Slovakia, and it is thus that Soviet Russia is dealing with Finland even now. The thing is of the very essence of propaganda, and would give the Ministry of Information a great deal of fresh work to do. Our Cabinet might well leave it to them to elect out of the many eminent refugees from Nazi Germany now in this country the high officers of State in the New Germany, the rightful Chancellor, the genuine Prime Ministers or State Governors, the properly elected members of the now to be gloriously renewed Reichstag. They would be good men all, filled with anxiety to respect the decencies of civilisation and the established rules of war, and there would be amongst their number several of those writers of reminiscences whose works have filled the windows of the book-shops for many a long day: *How I Quarrelled with Ribbentrop*, *My Last Words to Hitler*, *Himmler the Modern Tigellinus*, and *Goebbels Was My Fag at School*. Anyhow it would be great

fun, give us lots of exciting broadcasts, and annoy the Nazis horribly. They might even try to break through the Maginot Line, for they could hardly attempt any intellectual counterstroke except that of making the British Empire a German Protectorate governed by Lord Haw-Haw of Zeesen.

"Don't you agree with me?" I said sharply, aloud. I said it aloud sharply because already an unnamed Shape had begun to materialise, after the honourable tradition of these Epilogues, in the chair opposite to me, and already I had begun to realise (though I am not of course allowed to state openly) who it was.

"Scuttled," said the Shape with great vehemence.

"What is?" I asked. "My plan?"

"The *Graf Spee*," said the Shape, now half-evident through the smoke-screen. "Isn't that enough news, enough excitement, for three months of war?"

"It's tremendous," I agreed. "The action of *Exeter* (not to speak of *Ajax* and *Achilles*) is almost as splendid and exciting as anything I've read in my life since Tennyson's *Revenge*. That's why I'm so glad it was *Exeter*, a West Country town, you know, just as Bideford is. But it does also bring home to me how much better the news service seems to be from Monte Video than from, let's say, Manchester."

"But is anything happening in Manchester?" asked the Shape.

"How can I tell? Even if it was raining in Manchester I shouldn't be allowed to say so, in case the Nazis got to hear of it. Like everyone else I suffer from a prodigious surfeit of rumours and a melancholy insufficiency of news. That's why I thought that annexing Germany by radio and setting up a Puppet Government on British soil would be rather a good idea."

"If it's a Puppet Government," said The Unknown with some firmness, "I shall be Reichskanzler."

"No one has a better claim than you."

"I could take up the appointment immediately if I hadn't a better job in hand at the moment. What do you suppose this is?"

I perceived then that my venerable visitor from a certain street in the City had a flat brown-paper parcel in his hand.

"Some kind of secret weapon?" I hazarded.

"Not so very secret," he replied, tearing off the paper, "and what I'm going to do with it is this. I'm going to persuade someone in our gallant R.A.F. to fly me over to Germany, drop me by parachute near Munich, and there with unparalleled cunning and audacity I shall conceal as a Christmas present, in the now notorious beer-cellar——"

"It's blown up," I pleaded.

"—in some other equally notorious beer-cellar, my

One Hundred and Ninety-Seventh Volume"



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